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A

YORK DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

NED AND HARRY;

OR

Ned giving *Harry* an account of his Courtſhip and Marriage ſtate.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

TWO EXCELLANT SONGS.

Printed this Preſent Year.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

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NED.

HONEST Harry, I am glad to ſee you! You're welcome to York: youre a great ſtranger: when came you to town?

HARRY.

I came to your town laſt night, Ned and am glad to ſee you. I enquired after you of my landlord, and he told me you was well, and had been married two or three years. I wiſh you much happineſs; pray, how d' ye like matrimony?

Ned. In good faith, Harry; (ſcrubing his ſhoulders) but ſo & ſo; however, I will not diſcourage you.

Harry. But don't you remember, Ned, that you and I made an agreement, that which of us two was married firſt, ſhould tell one another of the way of courtſhip, and how he lik'd it and a married ſtate.

Ned. 'Tis true we did ſo, Harry; but now I have not time to tell you for it will take me more than two or three hours to give you a full account of both parts.

Harry. What! are you in haſte then, nae? 'tis a great while ſince I have ſeen you, and ſhan't we have one mug together?

Ned. Faith, Harry, I am loath to deny you; but if I go with you, I muſt ſend home to my wife, to let her know where I am

Harry. So you may Ned, and tell her you are with an old friend that would be glad to ſee her?

Ned. Not a word of that Harry; for if I go with you, and ſtay any

time, we ſhall have her company without ſending for her.

Harry. Say you ſo. Come then, let us go to Peter Winn's.—— well, Ned, I am glad to ſee thee?——ring the bell—Dick, bring us a pint of your beſt ale.——Come, Ned, ſit down and let me hear a little of your courtſhip, and how long it was before you got your wife into the mind to marry; for if I ſpeak to any of the female ſex, they're ſo deviliſh coy, I can't tell what to make of them.

Ned. That's very true, they are ſo, Harry; for when I ſpoke to my wife firſt, ſhe was ſo very coy and huffiſh, and told me ſhe did not know what I meant: ſhe was not for marrying; ſhe lived very well as ſhe was; and if ſhe would marry, ſhe ſhould then be confined to the humours of a huſband.

Harry. Well, but how then, Ned? tell me all.

Ned. Faith, I have not time now, Harry; for I muſt go home.

Harry. Come, my ſervice t'ye Ned, I will have you be as good as your promiſe.

Ned. Then if I muſt, I will ſtay a little longer, and tell you.—I told her I had as good a trade as any of my neighbours, and I hop'd to keep her as well.——Upon theſe words ſhe was called away.

Harry. How then Ned.

Ned. Faith I went home, but could not get her out of my mind. The next day I went again to ſee her, and took her by the hand; but ſhe pull'd it away with ſcorn, ſaying pray dont banter me, for I know you men love to tantalize us ſilly women. Upon my faith, madam, ſaid I, I am in good earneſt; for a man of my trade muſt have both journeymen and apprentices, therefore I cannot well be without a wife, and you are the only perſon that I always fancied would make me happy. Then I took her by the hand again, and with much ado got a kiſs of her. Pray be quiet, ſaid ſhe, L—d! what do you

mean you are ſo troubleſome!—and ook'd very angry, and ſo left me.

Harry. Very well, Ned, go on, this is vaſtly pleaſent.

Ned. That very kiſs made me think of her, and love her more and ever I did; for after that kiſs, I was always wiſhing myſelf in her company, and was never at reſt. The Sunday after, I ſaw her in the Miniſter at prayers, and thought every thing handſome and pretty about her: her face, her eyes, her mouth, her breaſt, her ſhape. I watch'd her coming out of the choir and walk'd with her in the miniſter. and aſk'd her if ſhe would pleaſe to take a walk into the groves: but ſhe told me ſhe was engaged Believe me, Harry, I was ſo daft with that anſwer, that my heart was fit to break for fear ſhe would love another better than myſelf; however, I went home with her, and at the door deſir'd I might ſpeak a word or two with her she told me ſhe was engaged, and I need not trouble my-

ſelf any further. Madam, ſaid I, the firſt time that ever I ſaw you, I was ſtruck with the thought that you was the woman that was to make me a happy wife. You men, ſaid ſhe, ſay ſo to all the women you meet with. Truly, madam, ſaid I, what I ſay is really true, from the bottom of my heart, and I hope you will find it ſo. You men always promiſe fair, ſaid ſhe, before you are married, but when that job is over, you ſeldom or never perform your promiſe. Pray try me, madam, ſaid I for, upon my word, you ſhall find me always as good as I have ſaid, by this kiſs—— Fie, ſaid ſhe, I ſwear I will never come into your company any more, if you will not let me ſtand quietly by you. Then I aſked her again the favour to take a walk, for it was a fine night, and would do her a great deal of good. She told me at laſt ſhe was truly to meet two or three of her acquaintances at ſeven o'clock in the groves, juſt to take a turn or two, and ſo come

home again; ſo bid me good night.

Harry. Well, Ned, I hope you went to the groves to meet her, did you not.

Ned. Yes, you may be aſſured I did and within a quarter of an hour after I was there, my miſtreſs came, but her friends were not with her, as good luck would have it.

Harry. Was not you glad of that, Ned; tho' I dare ſwear, ſhe knew of no body to meet her at that time.

Ned. Yeſs faith I was very glad of it; and when we had taken a turn or two, I aſked her if ſhe would go to the cheeſe-cake houſe, and with much ado I got her conſent to go.

Harry. Well, Ned, what diſcourſe had you there.

Ned. Why, faith we were very merry. I called for ſome cheeſe-cakes, and a bottle of cyder, and at laſt began to aſk her about marrying me. She told me ſhe heard I had a good trade, and did mind it now very well; but how I would mind it if ſhe ſhould conſent to marry me

was her fear. I told her ſhe need never fear that; for marrying of her would be the only means to make me mind my buſineſs, if poſſible, more than I have done. I do aſſure you, Harry, that the ſervants, which we call chamber-maids, ſtand as much upon their honour, as ſome of them will call it, in courting, than their miſtreſs ay, and more

Harry. Why, Ned, I have obſerved that all along you have called her madam, whenever you named her; but I hope it is not a cuſtom here at York to call your chambe-maids madam at every word.

Ned. Yes, faith we do; and they themſelves call one another ſo: or if there be five or ſix of them together at the partin with one another, you ſhall hear them take leave of one another with, Madam good night to you ſays one; Madam, your ſervant, ſays another; pray my ſervice to you know who——' 'is very true Harry.

Harry. How could you ever ex-

pect. Ned, that ſuch a one would make you a good wife, that minded nothing but her pride

Ned. Well, Harry, but you are miſtaken, for ſome of them do make very good wives, and are very good houſe-wives too

Harry. How long were you a courting her, before ſhe gave conſent to marry you.

Ned Why, about a year or more; and all that while I very little did mind myſelf for minding of her for I was fain to catch her as a cat watcheth a mouſe for fear of a rival. At laſt I told her I hoped now ſhe would conſent to marry me, if not to tell me ſo, for it was a great loſs to me to loſe my time ſo day after day. Upon theſe words, ſhe told me ſhe thought I was in earneſt, but ſhe did not much like the houſe I lived in. I told her it was a very pretty houſe, and I ſhouuld be glad to ſee her in it. Upon this ſhe ſmiled, and gave me her conſent.

Harry. Was you aſk'd in the church Ned, or had you a licence?

Ned. I went on purpoſe to aſk her that queſtion, and ſhe told me ſhe was a gentlewoman born, and did not care to be aſk'd in church; for ſhe ſaid, there was no body aſk'd in the church but cook-maids and kitchen-maids; ſo it coſt me about twenty ſhillings for a licence. Well, married we were, and very merry were we that day; and I proteſt, Harry, I thought every hour two till bed-time, ſhe looked ſo well; and at laſt the hour came, and to bed we were got——But Harry——

Harry. Well, what Ned, doſt thou think that I do not know what it is to lie with a woman?

Ned. Yes, faith I believe you do; I do not think you have liv'd to this age, and does not know that.

Harry. But now, Ned, in the ſecond place, come tell me how you and your wife agree to together; for I think it is ſaid, your York wives will be maſters of their huſbands in

in leſs than a years time, if poſſible they can.

Ned. Come, Harry, my ſervice to you, we'll talk no more of that ſubject now, for I muſt be going home, for fear you ſhould hear ſomething I would not have you hear, and ſee ſomething.

Harry. Well then, Ned, I do ſuppoſe it is with you, as with moſt of your neighbours, your wife is the maſter.

Ned. Faith Harry, not much matter, (ſcratching his head) but I doubt ſhe'll come and find us together, and then there will be——

Harry. What then, Ned, let her come, I have a mug or two of ale at her ſervice, and ſhall be glad to ſee her.

Ned. So ſhall not I Harry.

Harry. Why, Ned, how can ſhe be angry with you, when ſhe ſees you with an old acquaintance you have not ſeen this two or three years.

Ned That's nothing

Harry. What, Ned, do not you

agree then realy, and has been married but three years; suppose she should come, what would or could she say to you.

Ned. Dear Harry, do not desire me to tell you; for if I would, and you should happen to tell it again, that it was I that told you, I might as well run my country as stay at home.

Harry. Ned, my service to you; upon my honour, as the gentlemen says, I will never say any thing of it to any body

Ned. Well then, Harry, if I be out at any time, as now with you, when I go home, as soon as I am got within doors she'll begin with a pretty tone she has learned of her neighbours: O brave sir! you are a fine husband: you mind your business and shop, as you promised me before we were married, do you not you drunken dog, you rogue, you rascal, where have you been these six hours (though it were but three) sirrah, give an account where you have been,

Harry. Well, Ned, do you give her an account where you was, or what anſwer do you make her

Ned All that I ſay to her is, Pray, my dear be not in ſuch a paſſion, for I was with an old friend that I have not ſeen this two or three years. A pox on your old friends, ſays ſhe, and you too, muſt you go and fill your belly with good meat and drink, and I and my poor children ſtarve at home, with only a little bread and cheeſe; a curſe on the firſt day I ſaw you

Harry. Why Ned, I hope your circumſtances are not ſo low in the world, but that you can afford your wife pretty well to keep houſe with.

Ned Why, Harry there's ſeldom a day but we have a joint of meat, either boil'd or roaſted, and I am ſure ſhe never wants for good bread cheeſe, eggs and butter

Harry Pray Ned what does ſhe do towards maintaining your houſe does ſhe endeavour any way to get

a penny——What portion had you with her, Ned.

Ned. Harry, never marry a chambermaid, for they bring nothing with them but a few old cloths of their miſtreſſes, and for houſe keeping, few of them know any thing of it; for they can hardly bake a pudding or a pye, neither can the ſpin, nor knit, nor waſh, except it be a few laces to make themſelves fine withal.

Harry. What would ſhe be at.

Ned. Why, always a goſſiping; there is ſuch a company of them in our ſtreet, that there is never a day but ſome or other of them meet together.

Harry. Where do they meet.

Ned. Where the beſt country ale is.

Harry. What do they make a ſitting of it when they meet.

Ned. A ſitting of it! yes, yes, they will ſit from three till ten at night, and drink like fiſhes, and talk againſt their huſbands.

Harry. What do you ſay when ſhe

comes home? do not you aſk her where ſhe has been, that ſhe ſtayed ſo late?

Ned I dare not ſay one word to her, but am glad ſhe will let me go to bed and ſleep quietly.

Harry What becomes of your children thoſe days? who looks after them all that while?

Ned. No-body but a ſilly maid ſhe hired, who can do nothing, I am fain, as well as I can, to boil them their milk for their ſuppers, and help to get them to their bed

Harry. Does ſhe not aſk when ſhe comes home how her children do, and who gave them their ſuppers and help to get them to bed.

Ned. Never, never, Harry; but perhaps the next morning will get them up herſelf, and put them on, poor things, the ſame linen they had on three days before.

Harry. How do you allow your wife? do you allow her ſo much a week? how gets ſhe the money to ſpare for goſſiping.

Ned. Why ſhe watches me; and if I ſell any thing in the ſhop, then ſhe comes to me, and tell me ſuch a child wants this, and ſuch a one that; ſo I am fain to give her money for quietneſs ſake.

Harry. Why, Ned, ſhe makes a mere fool of you.

Ned. 'Tis not my caſe alone, Harry, for moſt of my neighbours have not much better wives; for the better ſort, they ſay, love carding and goſſiping, and cold tea.

Harry. Well, Ned, I think you have almoſt ſatisfied me; and I promiſe you for your ſake, I will never marry any one of that ſort called chamber-maids.

Ned. If ever you marry, Harry, marry one that's bred up in buſineſs I mean one that knows how to look after her houſe: and as you endeavour to get a penny in your way, ſhe will endeavour to get another in hers; ſuch a one will make both you and herſelf happy.

Harry Pray then, Ned, what can

your wife, or any man's wife ſay againſt her huſband, if he takes all the pains (as you ſay you do) to mantain her and her children handſomely?

Ned. I know not, but this I hear is their way, if any new married wife comes among them: firſt ſhe muſt pay for her admittance; then preſently after, ſome of them will begin, neighbour, your good health: another, neighboui, I wiſh you health and happineſs; another, pray neighbour, what kind of a humour'd man is yonr huſband? another, is he kind to you? another, does he allow you as he ſhould do? another, if he does not, neighbour, let us know, and we will tell you how to manage him, I warrant you.

Harry. Well, Ned, I pity thee with all my heart and all them that have ſuch wives; but now you muſt make the beſt of it, and live as quietly as you can.

Ned. Harry, I muſt ſo.——Well, come let's know what's to pay, I

have ſtay'd too long, ſo I am ſure of a lecture when I go home.

Harry. Come, Ned, I'll treat you this time becauſe I invited you; it may be you may find your wife in a better humour than you think of.

Ned. I wiſh I may, Harry I am ſure of it that ſhould make me ſtay at home and mind my buſineſs a great deal better than I have done of late.

Harry. How many children have you, Ned?

Ned. Two boys and I beleive another coming.

Harry. Well, Ned, ſhe cannot find fault with you, but that you have done family-duty very well to have every year a child?

Ned. Well Harry I muſt take my leave of you, and thank you for me and if you do not go out of town to-morrow, I hope I ſhall ſee you again. There is a great deal more in a married ſtate than I have told you of, that is, all charges to the huſband, the ſickining-day, the

week-day, the churching-day; all theſe days they have their meetings and diſcourſes, which would take half a day to tell them all; and if the huſband be not there to wait upon them on thoſe days, ſome of them will ſay, neighbour, where is your huſband? he ſhould be here to wait on us. if my huſband ſhould ſerve me ſo, ſays another, when I lie in, odd's bud, a third will ſay, indeed neighbour, you give your huſband to much liberty, more than I would do, So Harry, when I go home, ſhe falls a telling me what ſuch a one and ſuch one, and all the company ſaid of me. for my not coming there to wait upon them.

Harry. Well, Ned, thou haſt ſatisfied me very well and for thy ſake I will never marry a chamber-maid —Come, ring the bell, we'll ſee what there's to pay? and ſhould be glad of your company longer, if it ſtand to your conveniency.

Ned. Harry, I thank you, but home I muſt go now.

Harry. Dick, whats to pay?—One ſhilling, ſir.—I here it is for you.—Well, Ned good-night to you; my ſervice to your ſpouſe, and if I ſtay to morrow, I'll come and ſee you and her.

Ned. Harry, good-night to you I thank you for me, and ſhall be glad to ſee you to morrow; but whether my wife will or no I cannot tell; for I doubt I ſhall find her but and ſo in her humour.

Harry. Good-night to you. Ned, thank you for your good company, it has been very pleaſent, and I hope you will find all things eaſy and quiet at home.

Two Excellent New Songs.

Ned and Harry's firſt Song.

COme take your glaſs, the north-ern laſs, ſo prettily adviſ'd; I drank her health, and really was agreeably ſurprs'd.

Her ſhape ſo neat, her voice ſo ſwet
her air and mein ſo free;
The ſyren charm'd me from my mea
but, take your drink, ſaid ſhe,
If from the north ſuch beauty came
how is it that I feel,
Within my breaſt that glowing flam
no tongue can e'er reveal?
Tho' cold and raw the north-wind
all ſummer's on her breaſt;
Her ſkin was like the driven ſnow,
but ſun-ſhine all the reſt.
Her heart may ſouthern climatesme
tho' frozen now it ſeems;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
and balanc'd in extremes.
Then like our genial wine ſhell charm
with love my panting breaſt;
Me like our ſun her heart ſhall warm
be ice to all the reſt.

Ned and Harry's ſecond Soug.

GEntle love this hour befriend
to my eyes reſign thy dart,
Notes of melting muſic lend me,
to diſolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain ſnow her boſom,
though I tender language uſe;
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen
to my arms and to my muſe.
See my dying eyes are pleading,
where a broken heart appears,
While the lamp of life is fading,
and beneath thy coldneſs dies,
Death my ebbing pulſe invading,
take my ſoul into thine eyes.

FINIS.

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